The
COMMONWEAL

VOLUME XL *August* 18, 1944 NUMBER 18

THE WEEK 411

NOTES ON THE EUROPEAN REVOLUTION *F. G. Friedmann* 414

AN OFFERING OF ASHES *Albert Eisele* 417

". . . RAILROAD CENTERS NORTHWEST OF MARSEILLES" *Eugene Bagger* 419

COMMUNICATIONS 422

THE STAGE *Kappo Phelan* 423

THE SCREEN *Philip T. Hartung* 424

EDITORS' CHOICE 426
Trumpet Voluntary

THE INNER FORUM *Isabel Currier* 427

THE COMMONWEAL *is indexed in the Reader's Guide, Catholic Periodical Index and Catholic Bookman.*

Published weekly and copyrighted 1944 in the U.S.A. by THE COMMONWEAL Publishing Co., Inc., 386 Fourth Avenue, New York 16, N. Y. AShland 4-9685. Entered as second class matter February 9, 1934 at the post office at New York, N. Y., under the act of March 3, 1879. U.S. $5 a year. Canada and Foreign $6. Single copies 10c.

Editors: EDWARD SKILLIN, JR.
PHILIP BURNHAM (*now on duty with the armed forces*)
HARRY LORIN BINSSE, *Managing Editor;* MICHAEL WILLIAMS, *Special Editor;* C. G. PAULDING, *Literary Editor;* JOHN C. CORT *Associate Editor;* JOHN BRUBAKER, *Advertising Manager.*

The Philadelphia Strike

"THE RIOTERS, prejudiced against the Negro, . . . everywhere pursued the blacks with unrelenting rancor and brutally assaulted, tortured and killed many that fell into their hands. . . . It is estimated that during these four days more than 1,000 men had been killed. . . ." Thus does the New International Encyclopaedia describe the Draft Riots in New York City, which took place July 11-15, 1863. Charitably it does not add that the rioters were predominantly Irish and Catholic.

Unhappily the spirit which promoted these riots continues to exist, eighty years afterwards. And in the latest outbreak of that spirit the men responsible are predominantly Catholic, great numbers of them Irish American. The recent transit strike in Philadelphia is far more than a mere blow to our war production; it is a symptom of a disease which more seriously than any other threatens the health of our society; and it reenforces prejudice against Irish Americans, despite the fact that the generality of Americans of Irish descent do not share the views or the blind prejudices of Philadelphia's transit workers. All the devoted efforts of such groups as the Irish American Committee for Interracial Justice are wiped from men's minds by the violence and hatred displayed by these 6,000 transit workers, who walked out because 8 Negroes had been upgraded from menial labor to the high estate of "operators."

What happened in Philadelphia is by no means certain, and perhaps never will be known, since it obviously hinged on chicanery and conspiracy of a sort which is extremely difficult to uncover. None of the parties involved are without blame. That much is certain. Yet the Negro community in that city acted with great self-restraint and decency. Its leaders, when they realized how explosive the situation was, took vigorous steps to prevent violence, going so far as to employ sound trucks to circulate in Negro districts, loudly urging forbearance. To them alone is any honor due.

For many years the Philadelphia transit workers have been organized in an "independent" union. In March of this year the State Labor Board ordered an election to determine the bargaining agency for these employees. The Transport Workers Union (CIO), the Amalgamated Street Car Workers (AFL) and the "company" union contested this election. The TWU won. But as has been pointed out by the *New Leader,* there were a number of queer things about its victory. Indeed one cannot help suspecting a "deal" between the TWU and the old independent or company union. For subsequent events have shown that the entire white rank and file was adamant on the question of excluding Negroes from all better jobs, and was ablaze with the most violent race prejudice. *Officially* the TWU, which is communist dominated, insisted upon justice for Negro workers; how could it have won the election without having given assurance that this position was merely "for the record"? And once it had won, it did nothing to implement its promises on this score — characteristic behavior, as far as the TWU is concerned. It even tolerated openly anti-Negro meetings organized by former officials of the old company union, and held on the company's property. Thus neither the TWU nor the employers did anything to prevent the outbreak of the strike. Certain TWU officials even did a good deal to provoke it by goading talk, and the company helped to continue the strike, once it had started, by taking a purely passive attitude. It would perhaps be exaggerating to see in all this an alliance between communists, Catholics and the management in the interests of "white supremacy" —the precise phrase used in notices posted on the bulletin boards of various car barns—but certainly such an alliance, had it existed, could have hoped for nothing better than the actual outcome.

Very likely the truth is something like this. The TWU wanted the Philadelphia transit work-

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

ers in its membership—for obvious reasons. It knew of their strong race prejudices. It decided to play a double game—talk justice while giving assurances to the white membership that this was no more than talk. The management preferred to deal with an independent union, and when it saw the race issue develop threatening proportions, it encouraged the old union leaders to foment a strike on this issue. Then the FEPC ordered the upgrading of a handful of Negroes and the fat was in the fire.

The whole business is a dirty mess. From it you may draw a number of conclusions. You may say that the FEPC acted tactlessly, without bothering to do anything to cushion the shock of the action it was bound to take. You may point to the TWU's record as one more instance of shameless communist amorality. You may remark that people who themselves only recently were discriminated against and hated—here, specifically, Irish Americans—will in turn do precisely the same injury to others. But all these conclusions are matters of detail. The one overwhelming fact is that no better instance can be adduced for the all-pervading corruption which inevitably accompanies racial or group hatred. If one yields to this temptation, allows oneself to commit this sin, gradually every other value in life becomes secondary to a passionate cry—*à bas les juifs* . . . we won't work with niggers. Religion, the Faith itself, is secondary. Communist ideology is secondary. So trifling a thing as your country's being at war is secondary. You have no room left in your heart for anything but that one obsession, and you translate all these other values into terms of that obsession. Only people like yourselves are *real* Christians and Catholics. Only people like yourselves are *real* union men. Only people like yourselves are *real* Americans.

And that is why we must fight such hatreds, in ourselves as in others, for fear they sweep from our hearths every decency and every goodness.

The Fear of Bureaucracy

THE ISSUE at stake in the controversy between the advocates of the George and Murray-Kilgore bills appears relatively simple. The first of these—which was reported favorably by the Senate Finance Committee—would provide unemployment benefits in the reconversion period by the current method of leaving such payments to the several states. The federal government would not, however, permit any state unemployment insurance fund to become insolvent. (It is estimated that such state funds now available amount to $5,000,000,000.) By leaving this responsibility in the hands of the states, Senator George and his associates hope to avoid the creation of a huge new centralized bureaucracy—of itself a most laudable ambition.

The Murray-Kilgore Bill, on the other hand—which was reported favorably by the Senate Military Affairs Committee—approaches the reconversion problem as an integral whole. It calls for a Director of War Mobilization and Adjustment with extensive powers and assisted by advisory councils for industries and areas. It provides for unemployment compensation varying from $20 to $35 a week for from six months to two years, according to the individual's social security status and the number of his dependents. The bill would also pay war workers' transportation expenses to new jobs up to $200 and six months' benefits of from $50 to $100 per month while training for new work. One provision calls for study of annual wage plans—and incentive for companies which adopt them—and, in fact, the unemployment compensation program would be geared to the whole industrial reconversion machinery.

Those are the two alternatives at present. Each is offered to meet the dislocations involved in the shifting of some twenty million war workers and ten million service men into peacetime industry (the Murray-Kilgore bill, by the way, also increases the rates of muster-out pay for the armed forces). On the face of it it is obvious that in demobilization the United States is confronted with the greatest task of transformation in any nation's history. It would be folly to think that such readjustments will work out by themselves. Any sharp drop in national purchasing power will start us down the chute toward the most terrifying major depression. The situation calls for the most intelligent, forehanded and consistent planning.

The lineup in Washington is reported to be representatives of northern industrialists and southern Democrats against friends of labor and the Farmers' Union, "conservatives" *vs.* "liberals." And yet the reconversion period which is imminent demands national solidarity; there are few big businesses which would thrive for long on a depression. Those who fear centralized bureaucracy to the extent of preferring to sidestep our greatest national economic emergency should look ahead one step further. What sort of government will result when millions and millions of displaced war workers and veterans find that they cannot get jobs?

A Warning to Our Readers

"WHEN one reads amongst the book reviews of THE COMMONWEAL a notice such as greeted the appearance of Mrs. Cardwell's 'Poland and Russia' one instinctively suspects that her book is worthwhile. A six-line 'review' which in so small a space manages to smear Franco demonstrates that the partisanship, that is called 'Liberalism,' is incapable of giving fair play to those who have not arrayed themselves with its labels." (Philadelphia *Standard and Times,* August 4, 1944.)

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The Hands

IN THE advertisements the pilots are always showing small boys how the plane banked and turned, dove and came out of a dive; the pilot holds out his hand and the hand is the plane; the small boy and the little girl (sis) watch the hand held out flat and then turned sideways as the plane banks, and the pilot back from Europe with his medals smiles down at quote bud unquote and sis. Or else it is in the village store and the audience there are the old men, but bud and sis are always in the way there too and there is always the hand moving which is the plane in combat or the bomber coming in over the target.

But even when the pilots are not busy with the children in the colored advertisements in the magazines it is the same thing. The hands move. Even when a pilot is in New York and he would rather not talk about it, but you ask him about Italy, and he says there was no convoy at all, the ships did not know we were coming; the ships were there in broad daylight between Corsica and the coast; we came on them, the hand goes up, we turned in, the hand turns, to take them broadside; on the first run we missed but there was no defense at all and so we came in again, the hand moves, and that time we got two out of three.

Even in real life the hands move.

That was at the time of Anzio; they were trying to get supplies down to Civitavecchia. After a while they knew we had moved our bases and then they sailed only at night, so we would try to get them in the ports. The target would be Leghorn and we would bomb the harbor.

The hand rose over Pisa, over the baptistry, over the tower, turned above the pine forests and the carriage driving slowly with the light on the dusty road broken by the trees; the cigarette in the hand traveled over Puccini's villa with the silent piano and the photographs of Gatti, of Toscanini, and the playbill of the première of Bohême, the hand passed over the beach at Viareggio; the plane was over the sea.

The target would be Civitavecchia and always back of all the ports are the hills; there is a port and then almost at once there are hills. When the plane had made its run on the shipping in the ports and on the tracks and the quays and the warehouses, the hand rose as if to avoid the hills, as if it were a hand in a dark and unfamiliar room, the hand turned, the plane flew out over the tideless sea.

In the El Greco paintings there are hands everywhere.

Of course, the pilot said, we were not always after the shipping, attacking the ports. We were over the cities too. We have seen a great deal of Italy. I would rather see Italy on a bicycle the pilot said. He clasped his hands. I would rather see Italy without a plane, without a war. Or if there has to be a war and I have to be in a plane, then I was happier when we had our bases in North Africa and we flew to Italy and did our job and then flew back to North Africa. The trouble is that we moved the bases to Italy. So that then you would be in a place with Italians all round you; you would be talking to Italians, the children would be there, you would be learning to talk Italian and in Naples there would be the Officers Club and you would be dancing with the Italian girls. There was a man who sang at the café terrace. He was dressed in black, with black gloves; he was blind and he must have worn the gloves because he had something wrong with his hands. He would hold one hand with the black glove over his heart and then he would hold both hands out; his hands kept moving all the time. He would not move at all except that his hands kept moving. I know that all I saw is what the tourists see but they were Italians all the same that I saw and so the trouble was that I would be going off with the bombs, touring Italy with the bombs, and dropping the bombs on the Italians.

In Naples you would be coming back through the streets at night and there would be people lying in the streets, in the doorways, sleeping. There would be two children lying together in a doorway with their heads cushioned on their arms and one of them would have its arm stretched out under the head and its hand would be open.

It is easier to carry out a mission if it is all marked on the map of a foreign country. But in this war it becomes very curious when you are quartered in the country in which you are operating. It is a good thing that we have young pilots who have never traveled abroad; it is a good thing to be in the air because from the air any country looks like the pictures they show you when they are briefing you, and it was all right when we bombed Italy from Africa but it was not quite the same thing when we bombed Italy from Italy. The thing is that it is a lot of work to fly a plane and everything is all right as long as that is what you are doing. Everything is all right as long as they do not send you on a crazy mission where you have no chance but they do not like to send you on that kind of a mission any more than you like to go. So that everything is all right, on the whole, and it's better than the infantry. Like the time we went to Spezia. There were hills right back of the port at Spezia and if there are enough planes on an attack the fire from the guns on the hills is divided and you have a chance. But we were only six planes and when the orders came we knew that we hadn't a chance. Then the weather report said there was no ceiling at all and we went to Civitavecchia instead. We ran in low.. . . . The hand rose and turned over Tarquinia, over the Etruscan dead. C. G. PAULDING.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Notes on the European Revolution

An expression of total faith in the resistance movements.

F. G. Friedmann

AS THE armies of the United Nations advance triumphantly through the breached defenses of Fortress Europa, liberating many a people from the heel of its oppressors, it is only fitting that we ask ourselves about the policies to be adopted in order that peaceful and lasting agreements may be established between the liberators of today and the to-be-liberated of tomorrow.

The traditional or, as it is called, the realistic approach which tends to regard Europe as a market, or as the humanly indifferent battleground of political "influences," has not proved to be practical over any length of time. Of all the many possible motives of human action and of the several possible conceptions of reality the "realist" selects the one closest to his own heart—the motive, say, of material progress and the materialistic conception of reality—and elevates them, respectively, to the only and universal motive of man and to the only and universal conception of reality; forgetting, in the meantime, that other people, belonging to different cultural or social or political units, have other motives and other conceptions; and that the hopes and purposes of all men are as real, if not more so, than all the military and economic power in the world.

A truly realistic policy toward Europe—the only policy able to establish lasting agreements—must evidently take cognizance of the people. Every other policy—even if backed by the strongest nations in the world—would eventually lead to collision with, and possible defeat by, popular forces which can only be grasped and measured in terms of faith and moral fortitude. To understand these forces the rise of which is so closely connected with the crisis of our civilization and its final manifestation in fascism, it is necessary, first of all, to inquire into the different significance which fascism had assumed for Russia and the Western powers on one side and for Europe on the other side. To Americans, for example, fascism looked just like a slip on the part of history—a non-logical event in an otherwise logical world; the brainchild of a few diabolical leaders born in an atmosphere of ideological confusion. To a country which believes in having established for herself democracy once and for all, fascism could only represent a danger from without; and the problem of tackling it could not be other than a problem of defense. A similar situation obtained for Russia: as the Soviet revolution had preceded the epoch of fascism and as, in its wake, it had destroyed the conditions which in other countries were soon to lead to the birth of the fascist monster, Russia continued to consider herself as immune to the virus of fascism from within. Also for her the Nazi attack represented merely a danger from without and her efforts to resist remained essentially efforts of defense.

Only in occupied Europe did the movements of Resistance soon become other than movements of defense. For a strategy of defense presupposes the existence of something to be defended—of territories, of possessions, of institutions. But fascism had seen to it that after the occupation of the territory and the confiscation of properties, all institutions and organizations—parties and unions, clubs and churches, parliament and the army—be either abolished or *gleichgeschaltet,* that is, assimilated by the all-devouring moloch, the fascist state. The members of the Resistance who previously had fought fascism as members of a party, a union, a church—and had fought it as a rival political or economic or social organization—were now forced to recognize it as something pervading every phase of life, as a challenge not to their being a member of this or that group or organization but to their very humanity. Gradually, fascism ceased to be the anti-historical phenomenon, the unintelligible, illogical revolt against a well-established civilization, and came rather to appear as the final, the most radical stage in the development of certain trends in this civilization itself.

★

If we choose its specific way of interpreting freedom as the most easily recognizable character of a civilization, we may say that the pre-fascist civilization in Europe interpreted freedom almost entirely in a negative sense. By this we mean that, in the different branches of life, freedom was not regarded as the synonym of human creativeness but rather as the achievement of, or possession of, an absence of restraint. Politically, freedom was regarded—according to a more civilized and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

democratic view—as identical with the existence of a social contract according to which the members of the community have voluntarily renounced the primitive instincts of the primordial forests and have delegated the powers of self-protection to an elected government; or—according to a more dynamic interpretation—freedom was held synonymous with power, power being the measure of one's ability to hold others at bay.

Economically, freedom continued to be interpreted as "free enterprise" which in an overpopulated continent came to mean the rule of the stronger. And as to science, freedom consisted in progressively overcoming the limits of our senses —often to the benefit of political or economic power. One had forgotten that at the dawn of modern times science had meant freedom in the sense of human spontaneity and intellectual autonomy, that it had been one of man's several ways of interpreting the world in which he lives and thus of elevating himself, in a way, to the rank of creator. But with the increasing success of the scientific technique, with the overcoming of more and more limits of our senses, man had become drunk with his success and, trying to eliminate the very idea of being limited, had destroyed everything objective—the prerequisite of the act of faith, of art, of morality. Freedom in the creative sense of the Renaissance, in the sense of dignity achieved by the act of grasping and interpreting an objective reality, had lost its appeal and where it still lingered had become the servant of material interests. Science, having lost its autonomy, had become little more than a means towards power: art—once a central purpose in life, a way of explaining to ourselves life's deeper issues—had become content with being a means of entertainment, with leading us away from those bigger issues of life in order to make us forget them; religion, once a means by which man established his relations with the powers that transcend him, had taken on the character of social recreation; and philosophy, once the royal way to the knowledge of things, had been reduced to an innocuous pastime for our professors.

Fascism, in the eyes of the Resistance, is only the last, the most logical, the most perfect form of a way of life which regarded freedom as synonymous with a progressive series of acts of overcoming limits. The more advanced democracies, at least within their own frontiers, tried to check the race for political power by the observance of the social contract; they did not insist on the subordination of one branch of the search for freedom to another—though "economic freedom" usually occupied a prominent place—they granted immunity to the harmless activities of those who cared to worship or of those interested in art or philosophy. But fascism embraced all the different branches of freedom in the negative sense, subordinating them to the quest for power, an aim comparable only to that of primitive man who, preceding the age of political and social contracts, was apt to see in everyone outside his own clan the enemy, and in life a permanent battle for survival.

Fascism is the philosophy of power made total, and of freedom—through the destruction of the other fellow's freedom. One finds this confirmed by the fact that the first followers of fascism were recruited from the militarily and economically defeated, officers and unemployed, whose defeat, after a despairing struggle, had filled their hearts with an indomitable lust for revenge. And it is evident, too, in the specific use made of concentration camps—objectively, entirely unnecessary if one considers the utter helplessness of their victims—where the permanent presence of the "enemy," and the methods of torture applied to him, were intended to whip up in the guards that "fighting spirit" which is the basis of nazi philosophy.

★

The primary motive in the life of the early underground, growing out of the total suffering produced by the total application of such a philosophy—suffering in a physical, a moral, an economic, and in many another sense—was faith and, more precisely, faith in the indestructible dignity of man. For some time, but mainly during the period dominated by the belief in linear progress, faith, the belief in the existence of an objective reality, of a reality that could not be proved with the methods of science, had been regarded as a useless relic of a pre-scientific time. Our civilization had advanced to a point where faith had become an anachronism: for civilizations develop from a stage of primitive faith, through a period of synthesis of reason and faith, toward a final stage in which the critical analysis is extended to all aspects of life, removing every object of faith as anti-rational and plunging society into an abyss of subjectivism and finally into chaos and dissolution.

That is where Europe stood when fascism raised its hand to administer the coup de grace to European civilization. Only a miracle could save us; we did not believe in miracles; the miracle occurred. It did not occur, it is true, as miracles are generally thought of; as an unintelligible act from without, but rather as an unexpected act of free will from within. No law of nature, no law of necessity had anything to do with it; the law of nature—the law of self-preservation—would have called for collaboration with the tyrant at a time when the outside world showed little understanding of what was going on, when there was no hope at all of being relieved. Or, rather, no national hope. The hope that did exist, that

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

burned in the hearts of the few who dared to resist, was a-rational, it was not based on calculations of possible success—because success was so impossible. The will to resist was nothing but an act of faith. No proof was available for the thesis that man is born free. But despite this—and at the very moment when the philosophy of freedom in the negative sense, of power through permanent struggle, had conquered the physical world—an entirely different philosophy of freedom was born of the very suffering of the moment.

Suffering, which in the eyes of our "progressive" society had lost its deeper significance, which had been considered a consequence of a not yet completely perfected social organization, or of a not yet completely successful science, had found its dignity again; again it became a "problem," an experience that awakened man's moral consciousness, that created equality and brotherhood among the fellow-sufferers, and, in a creative sense, freedom: theoretically, a desire to think through the great issues of life. Practically, the wish to live up to a feeling of responsibility towards the companions, to a sense of allegiance towards those who suffered for the same ideals. It was this sense of allegiance rather than the immediate interest in new institutions that constituted the leitmotif of the early Resistance and soon became the basis of underground society.

★

The reason for the totally cooperative character of this new society—in opposition to the totally competitive character of the fascist way of life—lies, therefore, not so much in the practical circumstances under which the small and weak resistance groups had to live, but in their nature as a moral society, based, that is, on the faith in the dignity of man and the resulting allegiance to the companions who share that faith. This moral character, which distinguishes the European Resistance from the amoral character of the traditional democracies on one side, and from the immoral one of fascism on the other side, may well prove one of the few lasting contributions made to humanity during this time of war.

To our mind, the crisis of modern democracy is closely connected with the problem of morality. One may say that fascism is the inevitable consequence of an amoral society, of a society in which morality is interpreted as merely a matter of personal decency; in which the entire economic and political life lies outside the borders of good and bad; in which our allegiance is to a group, a class, a state—all abstract entities—and our loyalty, therefore, an amoral one. Fascism could never have prospered, had it not taken advantage of that moral vacuum which pervaded great reaches of our democratic world, a vacuum which it filled with an immoral dynamism destructive of all those institutions which once had been the expression of a moral faith, but had become, by then, little more than empty shells.

This amoral character of our traditional democracies is closely connected with the increasingly indirect character of modern government. The participation, today, of the average citizen in the government of his country is hardly more than nominal: he delegates his powers to a representative whom he seldom knows personally and who, even if generally acceptable to the voter, constitutes such a small part in the enormous government mechanism of a modern state that the individual's actual participation in government becomes almost completely illusory. On the other hand, this rapidly increasing distance between the government and the people, coupled with the growing demands on government in times of crisis, must lead to government by bureaucracy, technically not very different from the government of a totalitarian state.

In comparison with the amoral and indirect character of government in the traditional democracies—leading either to fascism or to "democratic" totalitarianism—the movements of Resistance offer the ideal of a moral and direct democracy. Moral — because everything flows from the loyalty to the companions; direct—because of the continuous participation of everyone in the government of the community. Politically, the idea of autonomy is being substituted for the concept of sovereignty and the principle of federalism extended even to the relationships between local governments. Economically, the control of production and distribution is put into the hands of the community of producers or of the larger associations concerned.

From all this it should be evident that the supposedly realistic policy of balance of power, of reorganizing Europe from without, would be the least realistic of all. For, whether the revolution of motives which we have tried to describe is recognized in the councils of the big powers or not, it is there and continues to develop and has already given proof of the fact that no military or political power can hope to destroy it.

As the American Revolution once struggled to find its glorious expression in the articles of the Constitution, so is Europe struggling now to let its own indigenous revolution grow and mature until the new motives and purposes are clear enough to be formulated into a European Constitution. Will America be herself and earn the gratitude and friendship of millions by being realistic enough to recognize, in this century of the common man, the moral revolution that has taken place in the hearts of Europe's best? Or will it sell her soul to the ephemeral interests of those who love themselves better than humanity?

If America should decide to be herself—how

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

could she decide differently?—it would not then be her task to "teach democracy." For the movements of Resistance have already developed their own democratic faith and follow motives and purposes of their own, gained during the years of desperate struggle. By assisting, however, the people of Europe to find for those newly-gained motives and purposes a lasting institutional expression—using her experience of generations of life under a Constitution—America could make a decisive contribution to the peace of the world.

Offering of Ashes

ALBERT EISELE

TOM McGervey woke to the awful realization that the house was on fire—as he said later, he woke like the Turk in the poem, to flame and smoke. Tom once had spoken that piece in school—the Turk woke to flame and smoke and sabre stroke, but Tom, unlike the Ottoman, who died at the hands of Bozzaris and his men, didn't die—he woke amid flame and smoke, and while the sabre stroke was missing, he instantly supplied the shout in awakening his young wife, a bride of scarcely a year, and in getting her, and himself, safely outdoors.

After that there wasn't much more to be done. When they got outdoors they saw that the flames were through the roof, where they were being fanned by a brisk wind, and that there also were flames upstairs, while the downstairs was opaque with smoke. Pulling themselves together, Tom and Bessie dashed into the cellar and rescued the potatoes and the canned goods, but by that time the fire had broken through the upstairs floor and was dropping debris on the floor directly above their heads. They got out.

Neighbors began coming—one neighbor had seen the flames and had galloped about the countryside in Paul Revere fashion arousing other neighbors, for this was in earlier days, before the time of telephones and cars. Gus Zimmerman came—Gus once had broken a leg in a runaway, when his horses got out of control while hurrying to a stubble fire, which Gus thought sure was a house. John Burke appeared—although John had complained of a weak back all his life he was known to have carried a kitchen range out of a burning farmhouse, all by himself. And there was Eric Swanson—the time the Wilson house burned, when the weather was twenty below, Eric carried Mrs. Wilson's fine collection of house plants carefully outdoors and set them in the snow quite far away, where they became lost when the flames began to die down and where they were found the next morning, frozen stiff.

More neighbors came, most of them having caught up pails. "I see the flum, I come!" announced Fritz Walz. Another man said to Tom, "Need any help?" to which the latter replied, "No, everything's going all right." He thought of that reply later, and how queer it must have sounded. Everything was indeed going, but up in smoke.

Goodness, said the neighbors to one another, what a shame this was—a young man and his wife getting burned out so soon after they had made their start in life!

One corner of the roof fell in; the fire roared in response, with great showers of sparks leaping into the air and fading out as they descended among the leafless branches of the nearby trees. The corner studding remained standing, with dozens of nails protruding, and one farmer said, "Plenty of nails there to dry seed corn on! Or hang a picture!"

The rest of the roof collapsed; and next the entire upstairs floor, loaded with crumbled plastering and a twisted iron bedstead, crashed to the floor below. The cellar was still free of fire, but even as Tom and his wife stood looking on they saw, through the outside cellar entrance, the door of which had been left open, a trickle of redhot sand and ashes break through the bottom floor and run into the cellar in an unbroken stream, like sand in an hourglass.

"Bessie," said Tom, "why don't you let Mrs. Zimmerman take you to her home? You're getting cold here!"

But Mrs. McGervey shook her head. She wanted to stay, she said.

The remnants of the side walls toppled; there was another, but brief flurry of sparks and small embers, and soon the fire had died down and Dr. Duncan, who had delivered twins out in that part of the community and had stopped on the way back, untied his team and departed. The men, watching him go, said that it was pretty good for a doctor to deliver twins and take in a fire, all in one night. Some of the neighbors, too, went home; others remained, some to load the potatoes and the canned goods in their buggies to store in their own cellars, and some to help Tom McGervey watch the fire. A changing wind could stir up the embers and send sparks toward the stack of prairie hay that stood beside the barn.

"How'd it start?" someone asked Tom, for the hundredth time.

"I don't know," said Tom.

"The landlord will have to build," said Gus Zimmerman, "but where are you going to live while the new house is building—in the granary?"

"I guess so," said Tom.

By daylight the fire was out and the wake dispersed, and later Mrs. McGervey came from a neighboring home, where she had spent the remnant of the night, and she and her husband began poking around in the ashes. Tom calculated the

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

approximate spot where his wedding suit should be, or rather what was left of it, and there he dug up several blackened coins. He next found the metal clasp of his pocketbook, which had been in his wedding suit (his wedding suit had been also his Sunday suit), and he found, too, some laminated sheets of greenish material which he insisted represented the fifty dollars in paper money which he had had in his pocketbook and which he said the government would replace. But his wife, on examination, pronounced Tom's find as merely a fingerful of charred wall paper. The upstairs rooms, she said, had been papered often, and always with the new paper right over the old.

Tom found the fluffy remains of their mail order catalogue. "The company will replace that," said John Burke. Some of the catalogue's inner pages were still largely intact and glistened as though with stove polish. These pages clearly reflected the pictures of watches and other items of the jewelry department. "If I can find watches and rings I ought to be able to find the pictures of Abe Lincoln and some of those other fellows who were on my bills!" said Tom. He renewed his search, but found only door knobs and hinges, the tea kettle (which looked strangely unfamiliar with the wood burned from its handle), the sad irons and lots of other kitchenware. And he found nails—large nails, medium-sized nails, and small ones. Nails, nails, nails.

Several days later the neighbors staged a clean-up bee. Two of the neighbors brought manure spreaders—these implements were just out then and were new-fangled. Every one brought a shovel, and soon the task of cleaning up the rubble of the destroyed home was under way.

"Where do you want these ashes hauled, Tom?" they asked him. "Ashes make good fertilizer, you know."

"Wait!" said Tom, "I'll haul the loads out myself! I know just exactly where I want these ashes spread! You fellows do the loading, I'll do the hauling!"

"Put 'em on high ground," someone suggested. "Wood ashes are good for clay soil."

"Even hay ashes are good," said John Burke. "Fifteen years ago I lost a stack of hay by lightning, and today I can still see the place! The corn is always bigger and greener!"

Tom hitched his best team, his blacks, on the first spreader to be loaded and drove out into the southeast forty, which was the largest field of the farm. It was a day in early spring; there was little wind, and except for a cluster of rosy, smoky clouds on the far southern horizon, the sky was clear. Last year the field had been in corn, and all winter horses and cattle had foraged among the garnered cornstalks. Now the stalks were thinned out and flattened; the ground was still frozen, with only a thin covering of new-fallen snow, and Tom could drive easily wherever he wished with his load of ashes. He threw the spreader into wide-open gear, so that the ashes would be spread thickly.

All afternoon the neighbors worked, shoveling the ashes first from the cellar to the ground above, and then into the spreaders. The fine dust that rose from so much shoveling settled on the men's faces, and once John Burke quoted sonorously, "Remember, man, thou art but dust, and to dust thou shalt return!" When one spreader was filled Tom would haul it away, the men filling the second spreader while he was gone. There were eight loads in all, and by evening Tom's horses were tired and footsore, and their heavy winter coats were grey with the dust of ashes.

"Bessie," said Tom that evening, as the two sat down to the little table in their cramped granary quarters, "I want to tell you this—that today I hauled eight loads of ashes to the big field, and I spread them in the form of a cross!"

The days that followed were days of alternate warm and chilly winds. But winter at last gave up the struggle and the farmers began their field work. Tom McGervey seeded his southeast forty; the seed took sprout and grew, and it was not long until one could tell exactly where Tom McGervey had driven with the ashes. There the grain was taller and greener and heavier. Even after the harvest, when the grain had been cut and shocked, one could still see where Tom had driven; the stubble was thicker and heavier, and some of the stubble was curved where, because of the lush growth, the grain had partly lodged during a storm but had later recovered, so that at the harvest time it had borne its plump kernels on stems that were upright except for a curve at the base—had offered its fruit, almost, as it were, on bended knee.

In the following year the field on which Tom had spread the ashes was planted to corn, and now again one could trace exactly where Tom had driven.

Tom plowed the corn twice, then turned to the haymaking. The corn was knee-high and the ground very clean, with not a weed showing, and as Tom drove past he could look down upon the corn from his high loads of hay; and on some days the corn fluttered in the wind, and by mid-afternoon the clean ground would become alive with the fluttering shadows, and sometimes the fluttering shadows and the fluttering plants that created the shadows would interlace their green and black in a unified and lambent bed of great beauty. And in the autumn, at husking time, Tom could always tell when he came to the place of the ashes, for there the ears were always larger, more solid and more golden.

As the years followed one another, the field on which Tom had spread the ashes of their burned

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

home was seeded to alternate crops of corn, oats, barley and clover, and always one could see where the soil had been fertilized by the ashes. From the field as a whole the yield was, from year to year, good. Sometimes the crop was a bumper one, again it was only fair, but never was it a complete failure. In due time Tom and his wife bought the farm and paid off the mortgage. After the misfortune of the fire, it seemed that their later days were, like those of Job, more blessed than those of the beginning. They continued to prosper in flocks and in herds, and they had children, and they had grandchildren who came to visit and to break bread with them.

". . . railroad centers northwest of Marseilles"

Eugene Bagger

MOUSSU SAVIE called it the big city. That was in the best Mistralian tradition, for Arles (pop., according to the latest census, 17,940) had been the shopping emporium of the family of Mirèio and the neighboring farmers' families, and "the big city" is its epithet in the poem. I should perhaps explain that *moussu* is Provençal for monsieur, and *Savié* is Provençal for Xavier; but whether it was the Christian name or the surname of this Rhodanian booster, I cannot remember. He was very proud of Arles because, he said, it was such a fine modern place: it had a wonderful sewerage system, a water supply brought up to date, electric lighting in all streets, a T.S.F. station (this being French for radio), fine new high schools and swimming pools and movie palaces. All this impressed Moussu Savié tremendously, but somehow I had never, till that moment, thought of Arles as a fine modern place. To me it was a town where the tragedies of Sophocles and Euripides had been chanted by masked Greek actors twenty-two hundred years ago in that open-air theater which, or most of which, is still there; and it was nice to sit, of a morning, up in the granite gallery near the rim and smoke a pipe and think of Sophocles and watch my dogs frisking in the herbage down below and jumping across that fallen column which for aught I knew had originally been erected by a Phocaean third cousin of Alcibiades. It sort of gave you an idea of continuity. There was also the Roman arena, compared with the Greek theater a mere upstart, not quite two thousand years old; but while in the theater they only gave, nowadays, about one gala performance a year, Corneille mostly, when the President of the Republic happened to be in town, the Roman arena was in constant use, at least during the summer when the bullfight season was on, the *Arlaten* being great fans who used Spanish technical terms and read slangy bilingual newspapers with names like *El Toro* and *El Aficionado* while it lasted. Also, Saint Trophimus had catechized and preached in the first century in Arles; and later the walls of the city (it was a kingdom then, *Regnum Arelatense*) had seen the armies of the Saxon and Swabian emperors. The odds are that since last night those walls have disappeared, having been there these seven or eight hundred years; for they ran along the railroad, or rather the railroad ran along them, up to the station in the northeastern corner of the town, and the broadcaster said last night that our Italy-based planes had carried out successful raids on railroad centers northwest of Marseilles; and Arles is, or was, northwest of Marseilles, and is, or was, a railroad center.

I don't know why I should have thought of Moussu Savié when I heard that broadcast; but somehow I did. Perhaps it was because even Moussu Savié, who had called Arles a fine modern place, did not call it a railroad center northwest of Marseilles. Possibly Moussu Savié liked the modern side of *Arlaten* life, and preferred plumbing to Roman arenas and Romanesque cloisters, because he himself lived in a tenth-century abbey, or what was left of it; for he was the caretaker at Montmajour, some ten miles from town, and had perhaps contracted a phobia of the round arch. Or it may have been that whereas I was a mere American, without fixed occupation and a backward-focussed antiquarian outlook, Moussu Savié was just a normal citizen of Arles with more thought for the living than for the dead. Anyway, we discussed *Arle,* which is the proper Provençal name of the town, with both vowels sounded, while my two stepsons (this was in 1937) took snapshots of what had survived from the tenth century and so on; and Moussu Savié was most emphatic that if we wanted a really good Provençal dinner we must seek it in the restaurant of his brother-in-law, Monsieur Thévot; and

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

you can see, from the use of the French equivalent of mister, that this brother-in-law, a hotel-owner, was even more addicted to Progress than Moussu Savié who spoke Provençal to me, though I had to answer him in French. So that evening we dined in the Rue du Forum in M. Thévot's little *auberge,* and he gave us an excellent meal which included grilled red mullet, and *salmi* of wild duck from the Camargue. The Camargue, you may know, is the large island formed by the two main branches of the Rhône estuary, and is populated mainly by flamingoes, herds of wild cattle, cowboys, and a small percentage of gasoline pump attendants, these latter not being natives but alien settlers from far-away countries such as Socony and Texaco, whose colors are displayed on their tepees along the *route nationale.* But the cowboys are autochthonous all right, having been in the cowboy business, in the same locality, for the best part of the last thousand years; and the richer of them wear, believe it or not, Stetson hats, though not of the ten-gallon brand, but rather the Canadian Mounted Police type; and all wear loud-checked shirts and bright kerchiefs around their throats, and silver-studded belts, though they are not particular about their trousers or breeches but pull on whatever is handy, nor yet about their boots; and I have seen some who strapped their small sharp spurs around espadrille-encased heels. They ride small fast white ponies which, if only the truth were known, turn their noses up at their riders; for if these have been cowboying in those parts for a thousand years, their horses have been horsing it for fifty thousand or so, being of a quite separate prehistoric equine species extinct elsewhere, with Hittite profiles and long necks curved the wrong way, concave-ish. And this, too, sort of gives you an idea of continuity, in connection with the railroad centers northwest of Marseilles that were successfully bombed last night.

★

I suppose Tarascon was bombed too, eleven miles up the Rhône; for the bridge which carries the railroad from Marseilles to Nîmes and Clermont-Ferrand crosses from Tarascon, which is in Provence, to Beaucaire which is in the *petit pays* of Languedoc known as Terre d'Argence. I have never traveled by that railroad, but I drove more times than I can remember along the road that runs more or less parallel with it, having been put there by the Romans some eighteen hundred years ago and called by them Via Domitia. But I believe I have already mentioned continuity. Tarascon was made famous by the castle of the good King René, which stands, or more probably stood, two or three hundred yards north of the bridgehead; and even more famous by Tartarin, the mighty hunter and world's champion long-distance liar, brain-child of Alphonse Daudet. Now the original Tartarin was not a Tarasconese at all but a Nîmois, some say Daudet's own uncle; but Daudet was scared lest he should be run out of his native Nîmes on a rail if he planted Tartarin on them; yet the Tarasconese were well pleased, for they knew that Tartarin was not true anyway, and they made good money pointing out his residence on the Avignon road, baobab-tree and all, to the more erudite kind of American and British tourist. Personally I never thought much of Tarascon, seeing in it just another dusty and hot Provençal town; but Ford Madox Ford loved it, and he knew Provence and loved Provence as much as any man not born and bred there, and has left behind at least two fine books, written in a style even more screwily rambling than mine is at its ramblingest, in which he made Tarascon the hub of the *Prouvençau* universe. Now Beaucaire, a smaller place and even dustier, I thought more exciting, because of its fair, which for the best part of a thousand years used to bring, every July, to that huge field on the riverbank, buyers and sellers of goods from all parts of the world, Nizhny-Novgorod (nowadays I believe Gorki, some improvement) and Cairo and Lisbon and Trondhjem in Norway and one or two even from Basra on the Persian Gulf, and Lima and Caracas in South America. But you can read all about it in Ford Madox Ford and in Daudet and also in Stendhal; although I must warn you that some of the stories told by the last are not very proper.

★

And what can I do but suppose that Avignon, too, comes in under the classification "railroad center northwest of Marseilles," and that consequently it, too, was successfully bombed last night? Yet I doubt whether my friend M. Martin, who owned that garage in the little square behind the Rhône gate and was a fellow-breeder of wire-haired terriers, ever thought of his native town as a railroad center; though that may have been only because he was a *garagiste* and as such prejudiced against anything to do with rails. But I must tell you about Avignon some other time, and about how upset Henry James was when he found the Rhône in flood and half the population homeless, and why he was so upset; and also of that Hotel de l'Europe where Henry James had stayed, and we stayed many a time, and where Miss Mignon Eberhart caused one of the best murders in all detective literature to be committed, I believe in the very room where my wife slept the first time she saw Avignon. I cannot tell you about Avignon now, because our Italy-based planes are in the habit of bombing successfully not only railroad centers northwest of Marseilles, but also industrial cities in the north of Italy, and one of these, so the C.B.S. and N.B.C. boys assured me more than once, is, or should I say, was, Pisa.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Now I had always thought that Pisa had been put out of business as an industrial city seven hundred years ago by the envious Genoese, who humbled her and banished from the high seas forever that beautiful crimson flag with the silver cross that had been the flag of a great power, and of Christendom's defender against Islam, when Venice still operated under a learner's license. And I cannot help wondering what new-fangled neo-Pisan industries those broadcasters were referring to. Many, if not most, modern travelers came back and reported that Pisa is a bore; though even the most bored of them had to acknowledge that that little square with its four buildings is the heart and the peak of all Christian art that ever was: the tower called Leaning; the Duomo, or Cathedral; the Campo Santo or churchyard; and the Baptistry. You don't want me to tell you about them, and those who wish to do so can look the thing up in an encyclopedia; but I would in passing mention, because it is not a little curious, that Orcagna's great picture in the Campo Santo represents the Triumph of Death as very much like a more successful kind of air raid of the twentieth century, though it was painted several centuries earlier, in the middle of the fourteenth.

★

And I also thought, when I heard Pisa called an industrial city in the north of Italy, of Ruskin, who as everybody knows disliked modern industry and stated in no uncertain terms his conviction that nothing good would come of it in the long run. So I looked up a certain passage in "Praeterita," where he writes: "There have been three centres of my life's thought: Rouen, Geneva, and Pisa. All that I did in Venice was bye-work, because her history had been falsely written before: and . . . something also was due to my love of gliding about in gondolas. But Rouen, Geneva, and Pisa have been buttresses of all I know, and were mistresses of all I did, from the first moment I entered their gates."

We know what has happened to Rouen, though we don't know the worst, and though the worst is yet to happen. We shall soon know the worst about Pisa, for our armies are fighting there. Remains of the three Geneva; and I hope with all my heart that it will remain untouched. For I too love Geneva, though for different reasons, I am happy to say, from those of Ruskin, who, when he talked religion and theology, talked the usual Protestant stuff, most of the time; but who, when he talked architecture, or craftsmanship, or the relation of color to design, or the relation of labor to human dignity, spoke like a great Catholic philosopher. One of the reasons why I love Geneva is that it is, in its curious aseptic too-brushed-and-combed way, one of the most beautiful cities in the world, not a difficult achievement for a city that has that lake, and the islets and weirs of the renascent Rhône; and Mont Blanc for a backdrop, and Mont Salève for a kind of porter's lodge. And I bet you did not know that in that small but elegant patisserie-shop on the corner of the Place du Moland which so misleadingly calls itself English Tea Room you could get better Philadelphia cinnamon buns than in Philadelphia. And did you know that if you ever, on your European travels, felt nostalgic for Fifth Avenue, New York, you could get a whiff of it by inspecting Geneva's famous Reformation Monument? For at least two of the four (I believe it's four) lay heroes portrayed there as supporters of the doctrinal big shots Calvin, Knox & Co., to wit, William the Silent and Admiral Coligny (in private life great usurers, speculators, and cartel-building monopolists both) display what the sculptor must have intended as a lay-heroic facial expression, but what came out as the smug cunning smirk of the two lions guarding the entrance to the Public Library. As my uncle Marvin, God rest his soul, used to say, the things you enjoy most in your travels are the things that remind you of home; but then he was a lawyer and as such a great one for the safe and the platitudinous in speech.

And did you ever hear that in the dark ages when the Roman power had gone from the Gauls and Frankish power was fighting the Arian Goths for the future of France and Europe, there was a curious belief among Gallo-Romans in the Rhône valley that there was special merit in being buried in the cemetery at Arles known as the Alyscamps, which is Provençal for Elysian Fields? So this is what those Gallo-Romans, or rather their relatives, did: they put the dead bodies into coffins, each with a small sum of money, and loaded a freight of coffins on a raft, and let the unattended raft float down the river to the boat bridge of Arles, where local specialists caught it and took the money from the coffins and attended to the rest. What became of those thousands of dead Gallo-Romans who in the course of centuries had thus floated down to their last rest at Arles I do not know; but I know that a small assortment of sarcophagi still lined that majestic avenue of cypresses when I last saw the Alyscamps six years ago, and perhaps they contained some Gallo-Romans. Now to reach the Alyscamps from the town you must dip down to the railroad and cross the tracks, and the gate is some fifty yards up on the other side. That means that the Alyscamps probably got its share of the bombing too; and when those sarcophagi burst open maybe those Gallo-Romans thought that Judgment had come. But we know it was not that; it was simply that Arles is a railroad center northwest of Marseilles.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Communications

FOR SEVERAL SERVICE MEN

Orlando, Fla.

TO the Editors: Are you one of those who doesn't take time out to vote? Or are you a regular voter, but one who hasn't completely made up his mind on how he will vote in the coming national elections?

If you're either one of these, we'd like to talk to you for a few minutes. You see, we're several of the millions of Americans now in the armed forces—Americans who are forced to give up many privileges we enjoyed as civilians. And now because Congress has refused to provide the necessary machinery, we find we may be forced to give up our vote.

That's why we're talking to you. You're our last hope of being heard, of presenting our ideas and casting our ballots. That's why we're writing to tell you what we're thinking about, what we want and what we hope you will help us obtain.

No, we're not speaking especially of a veterans' bill of rights, special mustering out pay, or an ample rehabilitation program, though we are happy to see that Congress is concerning itself with such legislation. We're glad to know these special provisions are being made to assist the returning veterans who will be in need of such help.

Right now, we're more concerned about the nation we will be returning to, the civil society we will find waiting for us, and what it will hold for everyone—soldier and civilian. Frankly we're worried about the condition of our country after the war.

That's why we hope you haven't been taken in by the hundreds of full-page ads that have been cluttering up our magazines and newspapers—newspapers which are crying about newsprint shortages and threats to the freedom of the press. You know which ads we mean . . . those fancy full-page jobs sponsored by companies with nothing to sell, who claim their product is winning the war. It's this same advertising which is being paid for with war profits which would otherwise be returned to the government through taxes or renegotiated contracts. It's all part of industry's new crusade for a return to the "good old days" of "free enterprise" . . . the so-called "free enterprise" of the era following the last world war.

The pattern of these "slick" appeals is rather stereotyped. There's a dirty, tired soldier lying in his foxhole, dreaming of the friends and home he left behind. And then there's some sweet copy about how all this fellow wants out of the war is to get back home to the world he knew before. And then the copy slips into a lush cry for those days of freedom from control, when every man was able to work or not work, make as much money as he could and do exactly as he pleased.

We hope you weren't taken in by all this, because it just isn't so. Of course, every soldier wants to go home to the ones he loves, but he doesn't want to return to a system and economy that gave him two world wars and a devastating depression within one generation.

And that's why we feel being in the armed services has done us some good. Since we cut ourselves off from our old lives, we're not so afraid to abandon the *status quo* for something that promises a better life; that's why we're willing to institute changes and continue to advance in the direction that insures a better world for all.

What we're hoping and working for might be called a "democratically organized society." We're far enough away from the scenes now to see that the so-called "free enterprise" didn't work for the good of the nation and its people, but for the benefit of the individual alone. The individual who was greediest, most ruthless, seemed always to eventually emerge on top with a monopoly of the means of production.

We've learned that you cannot expect order and success when there is no organization and direction. And that's what we want—organization and democratic direction in our economic society.

Of course, we're not all agreed on the details of this organized society, and we don't have the time to do all the planning and study that a complete program would demand. But we do know this much: Our economic life is determined by three distinct groups: management, labor and the consumer—here represented by the government, providing for the common welfare. And we know that these three must work together if we are to prevent an unpredictable and self-destructive economy. And to work together, the first two must be regarded as equals, while the third is the interested umpire or judge. Production, with its problems of wages and conditions of work, is the immediate concern of the partnership of labor and management; and the balance between wages and prices can be best obtained by a three-way parley including labor, management and the government, representing the consumer.

As we said, we don't know all the details of how this can be attained, but that's the general economic philosophy that we want you to cast our vote for. It's a philosophy which is under grave danger right now of being sabotaged by those champions of "free enterprise" who are appealing to those people who consider the lack of gasoline and tires, and OPA ceilings an unbearable burden.

That's why we're asking you to help us prevent an immediate massacre of all the organization and regulation which was necessary to insure maximum production to preserve our nation when "free enterprise" had failed. The test for industry following the war threatens to be as severe as was the war crisis itself.

On the international front, we're also determined on a course. Many of us have traveled abroad for the first time in our lives; we've seen Europe, Asia and Africa; we know the suffering of the people of the world and their desperate desire for world peace. And as we know a nation cannot have internal peace and progress without organization and direction, we know that the world will never have peace and progress until we have world organization and direction also.

This war has given us new knowledge, new ideas and time to analyze ourselves, our nation and our world. We're determined to see that our nation and our world will become places of greater benefit and comfort to each

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

human being, giving him greater opportunity to work out the salvation of his soul and to enjoy the fruits of the earth.

So if the jingle of extra money in your pockets lately, or the feeling that America is far from the horrors of war and the United Nations have easy victory within their grasp, has rocked you into a comfortable feeling of little concern about politics, elections and new world ideas, remember that there are several million men fighting, sacrificing and dying, who are deeply concerned.

They expect you to be as interested as they are in this new post-war world and right now they are counting on you to be their voice in the coming elections. If you fail them, their sacrifices and deaths will have been in vain.

SERGEANT ROBERT A. KVIDERA,
On behalf of a group of servicemen.

The Stage & Screen

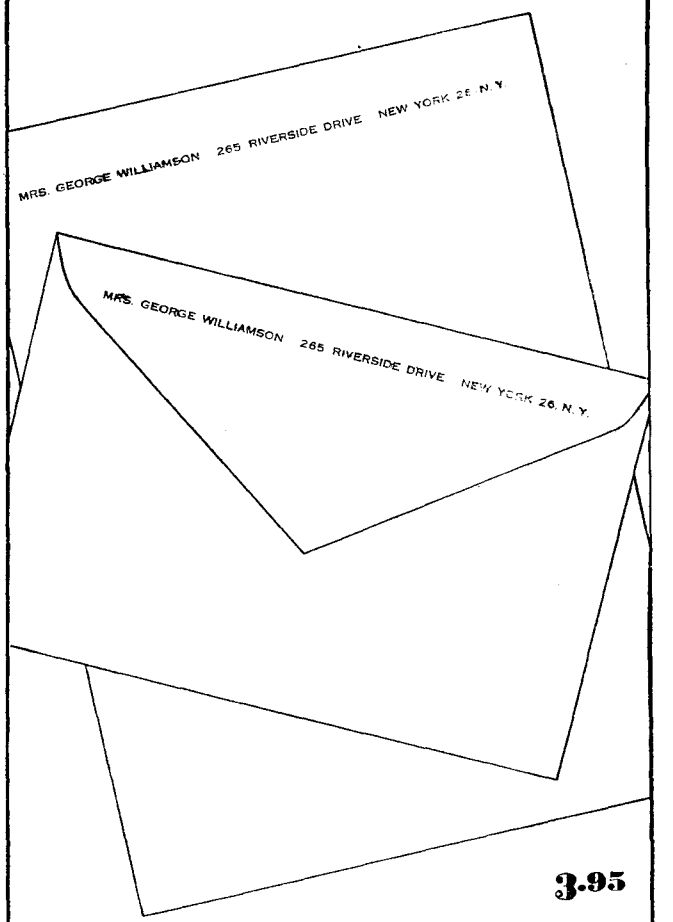
Catherine Was Great

MAE WEST and her prowl through a long long million evening. With art. It will hardly be necessary to remind anyone over twelve years of age of this actress's especial niche in the national consciousness. Here, at the Shubert, you can take her in three acts and twelve scenes, most incredibly set by Howard Bay and costumed by Mary Percy Schenck and Ernest Schrapps, or—you can decline. For the accurate, it is only necessary to add that she has not changed.

Although, this time, she has indeed written herself slower than ever before. The piece, covering a section of the loves and reforms of the great Empress, is badly schemed, with large slices of the actual politics of the eighteenth century alternating with wedges of the burlesque smoulder for which, presumably, the audience has paid. While Miss West herself seems quite able to lope back and forth between these two styles, it is rather more than anyone else can accomplish without a guide, and one finds every scene opening with endless minutes of exposition to tally with the complex time-schedule of the scenes. Frankly the writing is too ambitious; it is the old puzzle of fitting history to form. While it is certainly necessary to believe that Catherine must have been an extremely *busy* queen, for the exigencies of the stage it would have been wiser, I think, to have singled her somewhat, and to have motivated her a good deal simpler and faster and funnier. And for an extravaganza of this kind, I must say I think music is an essential.

Roy Hargrave's meticulous direction is everywhere manifest, overstressing, in its details, the formality of the proceedings. I am vastly disappointed that he has not managed better diction on the part of the endless young men, none of whom can articulate the language. Apart from the star, I would mention only Ray Bourbon and Leon Hamilton (playing the Court Ninnies) as actors of any style and clarity. This leaves some thirty-odd mumbling men and one mumbling girl all rushing about in rags and tags and velvet gowns. Not good begging. But, if the

B. ALTMAN & CO.



3.95

PRINTED AIR MAIL STATIONERY

distinctively yours

good white air mail stationery, printed in blue only, especially for you, with name and address on sheets and envelopes. Good gift idea. Allow three weeks for printing. 200 sheets, 100 envelopes.

Altman stationery, main floor

Fifth Ave. at 34th St. Tel. Mu. 9-7000

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

acting is poor, the production is rich and Mr. Bay has outdone himself in five sets of an architectural, ornamented, illuminated magnificence beyond anybody's days and dreams, and certainly beyond anybody's pocketbook but Michael Todd's. I liked the beveled prosceniums greatly, and the traveler curtain, moving straight across the stage, I thought a smooth and useful trick. The lighting was superb, only occasionally distracting in its complexity.

With "Remind me, I like you" (delivered, of course, in her historically febrile tones) I expect it is safe to say that Miss West has dealt another slogan to the masses. What is perhaps less obvious is that she is, as well as an American structure, an actress of uncommon skill, capable of the most subtle timing, the projection of the slightest nuance. If I have found her sadly unfunny in her present vehicle, this is not to say she has not been generous. (*At the Shubert.*)

KAPPO PHELAN.

14 Points and More

IN SPITE of its radio advertising (which has been of a commercial type that might scare anyone away from the film) *"Wilson"* is a must for everyone's list. Woodrow Wilson has long been one of my favorite heroes of American history; and, after hearing the radio plugs, I went to the film with reluctant feet, fearful that the famous man of principle would be steeped in glamor, surrounded by tittering, romantic daughters and up to his neck in the popular songs of the period. Thank goodness, such is not the case. Darryl F. Zanuck's excellent production is in the best of taste. While it succeeds in presenting our twenty-eighth president as a man of dignity and high sincerity, it also succeeds in making him a living personality and a great idealist of tragic proportions. Of course the contemporary songs are introduced—but without Grable to sing them. And of course the daughters are present; but as portrayed by Mary Anderson, Ruth Ford and Madeleine Forbes, they are the attractive, well-bred daughters of a college president; romance in their lives is played down rather than exaggerated. Although the film has its light moments (like the football game and the family singing around the piano) and its sad scenes (as in the death of the first Mrs. Wilson) and its pageantry (at the exciting Democratic Convention of 1912 in Baltimore, where Wilson was finally nominated on the forty-sixth ballot), the story is mainly and rightfully about a man, living ahead of his times, whose ideals are for the ages.

The film traces the story of Wilson from 1909, when he was president of Princeton University, to that unhappy day in 1921 when the sick, retiring President, leaning heavily on the arm of his wife, walked slowly out of the White House before the incoming Harding, who had already said "the League of Nations is now a closed incident."

From the beginning, the script emphasizes Wilson's concern for people and his antagonism toward special privilege. We see the college professor become governor of New Jersey. Without political experience, he presents something new in politics by being a candidate who means what he says. Then, after the 1912 National Convention (beautifully photographed in a series of effectively staged sequences) we see Wilson tour the country and hear him reiterate his beliefs in democracy and human rights. An impressive scene is the one in which Mrs. Wilson (Ruth Nelson) brings to her husband the telegrams of congratulation from William Howard Taft and Theodore Roosevelt. This is followed by the equally moving sequence in which the Wilson family arrive in the White House and look over their new home and its revered treasures. The important legislation of Wilson's first term is suggested as the camera shows a series of rapid shots of the President signing various bills.

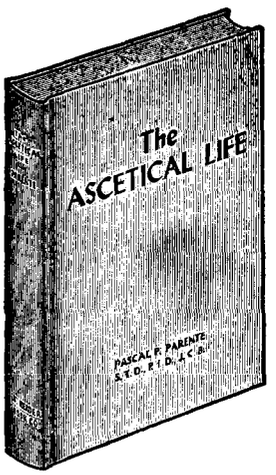
Shortly before her death, Mrs. Wilson reminds her daughters that their father is a great man; then she adds: "Don't let him be a lonely great man." But in spite of the girls' efforts, Wilson is depressed by loneliness and heartache after the death of his wife whom he always consulted and on whom he depended. Later Mrs. Galt delays in accepting his offer of marriage until she hears of the slanderous gossip about her and the President and until she realizes his great need of her. They are married shortly before the National Democratic Convention of 1916.

The film is particularly successful in portraying Wilson's persevering efforts to keep us out of the war. The script does not neglect Senator Lodge's statement: "That man in the White House is too proud to fight," or the series of notes to Germany, or the Cabinet meetings in which Wilson stresses his refusal to put our youth into the war before he is sure that what they will be fighting for is worthwhile. Then, during his second term, when he feels the country can no longer stay out of the conflict, when von Bernstorff announces that Germany will resume its submarine warfare, when Secretary Lansing exposes Germany's efforts to foment discord between our country and Mexico (this is the only reference to the Mexican trouble in this Administration) Wilson appears before the joint meeting of the two Houses to make his famed declaration-of-war speech.

Lamar Trotti wrote an excellent screenplay for this film. He as well as Mr. Zanuck and the large technical staff deserve great credit for the painstaking research that has gone into the picture. Wherever possible the script uses the actual words of Wilson—words taken from his speeches, papers, public utterances. At times this makes for slightly stilted dialogue, but the method gives the script a ring of authority. Attention to detail is noteworthy throughout the film: in costumes, in sets like the reproductions of the White House and in the fine quality of the technicolor that is used in all the scenes except in the old black-and-white news reel clips. Special credit should also be given Alfred Newman for his musical score and to Barbara McLean for her good work in editing the film. Applause should go to Henry King for his outstanding direction of this large cast, not only in the individual and intimate sequences but also in such well photographed crowd scenes as the two Democratic conventions, or the scene in Congress, or at the Hall of Mirrors in

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

A Guide for the Teacher and Student
A Vade Mecum for the Clergy, Religious and Laity



THE ASCETICAL LIFE

By

PASCAL P. PARENTE, S.T.D., Ph.D., J.C.B.

Associate Professor of Ascetical Theology
Catholic University of America

$2.50

Pious literature abounds: the Bible and biblical commentaries, the lives of the saints and their ascetical writings, the spiritual works of theologians, and a mass of less eminent productions. Yet we have hardly anything that will serve as a textbook in ascetical theology. What does exist is likely to have some of the following defects: verbosity, absence of doctrinal basis, long excursions into the realms of dogmatic and moral theology, superfluous repetition, excessive exhortations to piety, a homiletic style, a total ignoring of modern controversial questions.

Dr. Parente's THE ASCETICAL LIFE has none of these defects. It is scientific, theological, objective; comprehensive, but not prolix; amply provided with references to Scripture and other authorities, but not in the style of a scrapbook of quotations.

This scholarly work consists of three parts. The first part treats of the general means of perfection. The second part develops the three ways of perfection and the special means proper to each way. The third part contains an amplification of certain important questions, constituting a spiritual book in itself.

Teachers and students alike will be gratified with this new textbook of theology. The author, Dr. Pascal P. Parente, is Associate Professor of Ascetical and Mystical Theology at the Catholic University of America.

B. Herder Book Company

15 and 17 SOUTH BROADWAY ST. LOUIS 2, MO.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Versailles, or the episodes during Wilson's speaking tour after the war. It would not be possible to give too much praise to Alexander Knox for his performance. While the actor does not really look like Wilson, mainly because of his youth, he succeeds to perfection in capturing the spirit of the man. Especially fine is his voice, which rings with the quality of greatness in the memorable speeches without assuming a note of contrived oratory. Knox plays the rôle by living and thinking as the man instead of as a caricature of an historical character. Among the other praiseworthy impersonations are Geraldine Fitzgerald's as the second Mrs. Wilson, Cedric Hardwicke's as Senator Henry Cabot Lodge, Thomas Mitchell's as Wilson's secretary, Tumulty.

It is the latter part of the film, showing the war years and after, that has the most to say to audiences today. While Wilson's trip to Europe for the peace conference is somewhat slighted (it consists mainly of an argument between our President and Clemenceau in the presence of Lloyd George and Orlando, and some excellent newsreel shots), the aftermath in which the Senate refuses to ratify the treaty is dramatically presented. No arguments made by Wilson can move Lodge and the senators who stand behind him, not even Wilson's flat statement that the United States has but two choices: either the country must accept the League or be forever ready with gun in hand. Crushed at the Senate's continued refusal, Wilson goes to stump for the League. After making 40 speeches in 22 days, his health gives way; he returns to the White House never fully to recover.

"Wilson" is a great motion picture. It has its flaws: it simplifies history; it omits points that should not be glossed over. But during times like these, when we need the guidance of the best minds, it vividly presents the ideas of one of our foremost leaders. Perhaps it hurries too rapidly over the 14 points; perhaps it fails to give full consideration to Senator Lodge's debate for a realistic peace; but it does submit a strong case for the courageous idealist, for the man who insisted to the last that "this was a war against wars," for the man who, even as he was leaving the White House in defeat, believed in the eventual triumph of the things for which he stood. The film is not, as some of its detractors have already said, political propaganda. It is, however, propaganda—propaganda for world understanding and world peace. And it stands as a credit to its makers who were able to dramatize its ideals without either making them stuffy sermons or cheapening them. "Wilson" is a film of which the motion picture industry, now celebrating its fiftieth anniversary, may well be proud.

PHILIP T. HARTUNG.

Editors' Choice

TRUMPET VOLUNTARY. *G. B. Stern. Macmillan.* $2.75.

Undisturbed Artist

AFTER "Monogram" and "Another Part of the Forest" Miss Stern continues her autobiographical reminiscences. "Trumpet Voluntary" covers the early years of the war. Miss Stern is in London, but when the war confines anyone in any one place there are all the memories of other places which become very important—even more important than when one can travel anywhere at will or at whim. This is one reason why Miss Stern writes so well about the war and gives such a feeling of the war's presence in London even when she is talking about drinking wine in the south of France or about all the houses she has lived in in England and about the views from their windows. In her writing, an interest in all the places and people she cherishes in her mind takes the place of a distance in time. The good books about the war will be written when time stands between the war and the writing about the war. Miss Stern is in the war; she is not detached by time from the war; she is detached by the memories of her life before the war and the memories, the constant companionship of other places than the city she is in. Perhaps what gives this quality to her writing is that the war does not attack her isolated and defenseless; the war does not overwhelm her. She withstands the war because her life is not centered in one place; she is not vulnerable, because wherever the war strikes she is somewhere else. In the midst of the war it is as if she had already survived the war and was writing about the war from a great distance.

If you are taken entirely by the war and write directly about the war—especially if you are a civilian—the book you write will never be as strong as the war is strong, never as immediate as the newspapers are immediate. But if the war obtrudes into a great wealth of memories and of life, then the war is measured against something, the war can be seen for what it is, for the interruption it is; its sound and fury is evaluated against silence. The war comes into Miss Stern's English gardens, English rivers, English houses, into the notes she took for a short story, into a lunch at the Ivy. The war comes into the English countryside and the London streets, but when it finds Miss Stern in these surroundings it finds her extremely occupied with her own thoughts, memories and images; Miss Stern is not there gaping at the war. Too often the war invades a country, a mind and then there is nothing in the mind or in the country but the war. In Poland and in the mind of a man interned in a concentration camp this is inevitable. In people writing about the war from a safe distance, this absorption of the mind by the war is entirely avoidable but not always avoided. Miss Stern does not escape the war; her autobiography during the war years is not escapist; merely it is that she saves what can be saved; intellectually and artistically she is saving what can be saved just as the peasant working in his field, plowing and sowing, is saving what can be saved.

It may be said that Miss Stern's images and memories and stories and the little games she plays with herself about coincidences are rather tenuous things to be saved. But after all it is her own discipline as a novelist that she is saving, a technique and a workmanship. She is saving the delicate feeling she put into her novels. She is making sure of not losing the art of balancing all sorts of pictures, memories and conversations, even, surprisingly, a few simple jokes, the past and the present, the country places and the bombed London streets into a very precise and intricate tapestry.

The result is not important; the English gardens, the dogs and the cats with the literary people giving them amusing names are not important, nor are the lovely sudden pictures of boys swimming in the Thames. What is important is that we know a little better than we did before reading Miss Stern what kind of a country England

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

was when the war came into it, and therefore we know a little better than we did before what it is that is being saved. Not saved by force of arms or by victory, entirely. Saved primarily by the fact that the English are enduring war without giving up all that which, in England, existed before the war and which must continue to exist or else the war, even if it is won, is lost. Miss Stern is not surrendering to war her novelist's train of mind nor her careful workmanship; these qualities she has saved. And, precisely because she has not yielded them up—in order to write propaganda, or through fatigue, or through distress—she now bears valid witness to her people's strength.

The Inner Forum

Frances Sweeney

FRANCES SWEENEY, who died in Boston at the age of 36 on June 19, is mourned by Protestants and Jews throughout the country as "Boston's one-woman crusade against the anti-Semites, the Christian Fronters and the fanatical isolationists."

A group of citizens including Max Lerner, Arnold Beichman, and Frank Sullivan are attempting to establish a Frances Sweeney Memorial Foundation, either to aid Catholic charities or to be at the disposal of a Catholic college. A Frances Sweeney memorial window has been offered to her parish church, through her family, by a Jewish business man. A group of prominent Jewish lawyers in Boston has asked if they may present a perpetual memorial, in the form of a medal to be awarded each year to the outstanding graduate of Frances Sweeney's alma mater, Mount Saint Joseph's Academy in Brighton. In the forums and columns of New York and Boston newspapers, clear-sighted citizens continue to pay singular tribute to this Irish Catholic girl who literally gave her life in the fight against racial and religious prejudice.

It is no secret to any Bostonian that anti-Catholicism is the bitterest, most universal and never-mentioned of the many social antagonisms in unhappy, witch-hunting Boston. Predominantly Catholic both in population and in political office holders, all of Boston's social ills are regularly parcelled up by non-Catholics and dumped onto the steps of Holy Cross Cathedral and its subsidiary edifices throughout the archdiocese. Anti-Semitism, most shameful of these social ills in its vicious personal attacks upon Jews so unfortunate as to be at large and vulnerable in the Catholic suburbs of Boston, is admitted to stem largely from carefully-nourished Christian Front propaganda. Unfortunately, all Catholics are tarred and feathered for the public misdeeds of people whose Catholicism is no curb to their private chicaneries. It was defense of the Faith against their internal smirches that led Frances Sweeney, three years ago, to embark upon a single-handed war against persecution and, literally, to fight it to her death.

Warned at the start that a merciless round of speeches, committees and crusades of counter-propaganda could not be sustained by her congenitally weak heart, Frances had a ready answer: "Well, then, I'll die fighting for what I believe, won't I?" With a tongue and a typewriter as

To understand the German question we must know the Germans

GERMANY

A SHORT HISTORY

By George Shuster and Arnold Bergstraesser

Why has every German effort to build a democratic society so far failed? What shall we do with 80 million Germans? GERMANY, *A Short History*, presents timely, convincing answers. Denying that Nazism is a continuation of Prussianism, it traces the inside history of Germany from medieval times to the attack on Poland, showing what happened in Germany and precisely why it happened. It points the way to a future in which Germany can be a member of the civilized family of nations. It must be read for a practical understanding of the problems we face in the making of the peace.

Maps. $2.75

GERARD MANLEY HOPKINS

A LIFE

By Eleanor Ruggles

The centenary biography of the poet whose verse, published thirty years after his death, commands the interest of an ever-widening circle of admirers. Sensitive, balanced, written with clear understanding, this is a deeply moving story of the priest, the poet, and the man.

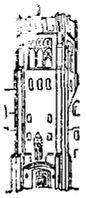
Frontispiece. $3.50

W. W. Norton & Co., 70 Fifth Ave., N. Y. 11

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

The College of St. Catherine

A Standard Liberal Arts College for Women. The only exclusively women's college in the Twin Cities. Awards the B.A., B.S., and B.S. in Library Science degrees. Approved by the Association of American Universities and the National Catholic Educational Association. Conducted by the Sisters of St. Joseph of Carondelet. For information address the Dean, Cleveland and Randolph, St. Paul, Minnesota.



SAINT MARY'S
NOTRE DAME

Fully accredited liberal arts college for women.

Courses leading to B.A., B.S., Mus.B. Academic and basic professional courses in Nursing. Graduate Department of Sacred Theology. Conducted by Sisters of the Holy Cross. Catalogue.

SAINT MARY'S COLLEGE BOX 71 HOLY CROSS, IND.
(Railroad Station: South Bend, Ind.)

SETON HILL COLLEGE

GREENSBURG, PENNSYLVANIA
Pre-Professional Training for Medicine, Law, and Social Service. Teacher Education.
Degrees in Liberal Arts, Music, Home Economics
Accredited by Association of American Universities
Women from 11 foreign countries and 37 American States

Mount Saint Agnes Junior College

Mount Washington, Baltimore 9, Maryland
Resident and Day Students
Conducted by the Sisters of Mercy
Liberal Arts, Music, Pre-technician, Homemaking, Pre-nursing, General and Medical Secretarial Curricula leading to Associate in Arts Diploma

SCHOOL OF THE HOLY CHILD

SUFFERN, NEW YORK

Accredited. College preparatory and general course. Art, Music, Dancing, Dramatics. Outdoor sports. Resident and Day School. Separate Junior Department. In beautiful Ramapo Valley. 40 minutes from New York City. *Catalogue. Address The Prefect.* Phone: Suffern 765.

ORBIS VIVUS

Latin for 7-year-olds

"I CAN'T IMAGINE a more tempting introduction to the classics. My young grandson takes the book to bed and to the concerts." Companion volume, BOOKLESS LESSONS. Either book, postpaid, $1.50. INSTITUTE OF DOMESTIC EDUCATION, Olmstedville, N. Y., in the Adirondacks.

Irish and as Catholic as the spirit of St. Patrick's Day, she exposed and fought against every utterance and deed of racial hatred or political corruption that could be traced to a Catholic individual. In so doing, it is worth repeating for emphasis, she became "Boston's one-woman crusade against anti-Semitism."

While continuing to work at her job in a Boston advertising agency, she contrived to organize the first and only meeting of the American-Irish Defense Association, to be held in Boston's Faneuil Hall on the now-historic date of December 7, 1941. Nobody came to the meeting except about 100 Christian Fronters. It shortly became evident to the audience that none of the speakers for the American-Irish Defense Association hated the Jews; not one even blamed the atrocity of Pearl Harbor, reported over the radio that afternoon, on the chicaneries of Jewish financiers! The audience of Christian Fronters showed its high calibre in a rebuke to "Jew-lovers": as one man they rose up and walked out of the meeting in a body, leaving Frances Sweeney at a pitch of shame and fury.

That meeting, obscure and unfinished as it was, can never be called a failure. We were at war; the American-Irish Defense Association was going out of existence, but Frances Sweeney was given the right to retain its office, stationery and name if she could think up something to do. Frances had already thought that in a war marked by violent racial prejudices the next group in line for distinguished hatred would be, following the lessons of history, the Catholics—and particularly the Irish Catholics.

She began by getting acquainted with people. Every ward-heeler who ever corrupted a vote or planted enmity where it would do his party the most good was known to Frances Sweeney by sight, name and character. She also knew the great and the good of her city and beyond it. Before her death she had become the unofficial advisor of many a public figure. One of the greatest losses attending her sudden and early death was due to the fact that her complete, uncannily accurate file of "who's what in Boston" was locked in her categorical brain.

Her first public service was to interest the Boston *Herald-Traveler* in launching a newspaper crusade against the Christian Front's subversive wartime principles. Within three days the Boston Police Commissioner had demanded that Christian Fronter Francis P. Moran disband his organization.

St. Patrick's Day is a double holiday in Irish Boston. March 17 commemorates the day of the Revolution when the British were forced to evacuate Boston. Each year the City of Boston appropriates $5,000 of public funds to enable the South Boston Citizens' Committee fittingly to celebrate Evacuation Day. In 1942 South Boston decided to celebrate the March 17 double holiday by inviting the Reverend Edward Lodge Curran to be its principal Evacuation Day speaker. Father Curran's brand of social justice is not one that the taxpayers of Boston should be expected to finance with any degree of pleasure. Frances Sweeney led a protest to City Hall, demanding that public funds be denied to spread anti-democratic political philosophy. Her protest was overruled. She was thrown out of the Evacuation Day meeting at which Father Curran spoke, and she was thereafter branded by thoughtless Catholics as "anti-clerical."

If it be anti-clerical to hold the priestly office in such high respect as to be unable to endure its being misinterpreted as a cloak and a license for promoting fascism, then Frances Sweeney was anti-clerical, but many prominent

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Catholic clergymen, including Bishop Sheil of Chicago and Monsignor John A. Ryan of Washington, seem to have thought otherwise, for they applauded her activities.

The next straight-shooting Sweeney barrage at anti-Catholicism within the fold was the widely publicized Rumor Clinic, begun in the Boston *Herald* at Frances Sweeney's suggestion. For many months she did the work of tracking down rumors and submitting them to an investigating committee made up of Harvard faculty members and public officials. *Reader's Digest* and *Life* published articles describing the work of the Rumor Clinic and in doing so said what no Boston newspaper had so far said: that Frances Sweeney was fighting anti-Semitism in Boston through the Rumor Clinic. To mention a fight against anti-Semitism implied that anti-Semitism existed; the Boston *Herald* felt called upon to deny, in an editorial, any official association with Frances Sweeney or her far-fetched notions. The Rumor Clinic staggered on for a few months without her and died when big name sponsors withdrew their support.

Next came the Boston *City Reporter*. Digging into her own lean pocket, Frances Sweeney prepared a mimeographed paper which expanded the work of the Rumor Clinic. It exposed (by name and with quotations) the seditious utterances of well-known Christian Fronters and isolationists; it ferreted out and warned against the social disease carried by anti-Jewish ribaldry in circulation. The Boston *City Reporter* was mailed monthly to 5,000-10,000 Irish names in the Christian Front wards of Boston's voting lists. Each of the ten issues published before Frances Sweeney's death went to a different mailing list, with the exception of the 1,000 copies reserved for prominent citizens throughout the country. An effort is now being made to organize a Catholic editorial board to carry on Frances Sweeney's work with the Boston *City Reporter*.

She never received one penny of salary in her life for her crusading activities. The Boston *Herald* was given the Rumor Clinic without charge. The only speaking fee Frances Sweeney ever received was $15, paid her for a speech she made only because the money was needed to mimeograph a stymied issue of the Boston *City Reporter*. She organized and investigated and worked against the anti-Semitism of Catholics; she exposed the nefarious political didoes of Catholics which breed anti-Catholicism by spreading the impression that a Catholic can dispense with a social conscience so long as he is seen at Mass and Communion on Sunday, and she did it primarily to help save her own people from the boomerang of their misconceptions. "Except your justice abound more than that of the scribes and pharisees, you shall not enter into the kingdom of heaven."

ISABEL CURRIER.

CONTRIBUTORS

F. G. FRIEDMANN was born in Augsburg, Germany, and educated there and in Italy. He was expelled from Italy in 1939 and went to England. Since 1943 he has been connected with the Naval Flight Preparatory School at Murray State Teachers College, Murray, Kentucky.

Albert EISELE is columnist and farmer in Blue Earth, Minnesota.

Eugene BAGGER is the author of "For the Heathen Are Wrong" and other books. He at present lives on the island of Nassau.

Isabel CURRIER is the author of "The Young and the Immortal." She has been a newspaper woman for ten years and has contributed to such periodicals as the *American Mercury*, *Cosmopolitan*, the *Saturday Review* and the *Reader's Digest*.

750,000,000

Experience is showing that Atabrine, a substitute for quinine as a remedy for malaria, is of great value. The missions are pleading for quantities of it to relieve their stricken people. On a visit to the headquarters of the Quinine Trust at Amsterdam, before the war, we were told that their researches show that at any given moment 750,000,000 poor suffering human beings (more than one third of the whole human race) are ill with malaria. No wonder then that the missions plead for Atabrine. Is not your heart moved at the thought of so much misery? We offer you, in our Atabrine Fund, an opportunity of helping to relieve it. Send whatever you can afford and we will translate it into terms of life saving Atabine. Forward your donation to the Catholic Medical Mission Board, 10 West 17th Street, New York 11, N. Y., and indicate that it is for the purchase of Atabrine for the needy missions.

PORTSMOUTH PRIORY SCHOOL

Portsmouth, Rhode Island

23 miles from Providence, 8 miles from Newport.

CONDUCTED by American Monks of the English Benedictine Congregation, assisted by Lay Masters.

CURRICULUM based on 14 centuries of Benedictine educational tradition, prepares for all colleges and technical schools.

SIX FORMS, comprising 7th and 8th grades and four years of high school. Standard Preparatory Course. Added opportunities in Mathematics and Physics. College Board Examinations.

EVERY facility for Athletics. Sailing on inland waters of Narragansett Bay. 225 acres, including Farm operated by School. Scholarships available.

SUMMER HIGH SCHOOL. CAMP: AGES 10 TO 17. Apply to Secretary.

The Abbey School

SIMSBURY, CONNECTICUT

A Catholic boarding school for boys (eighth grade through high school) conducted by Catholic laymen. Sports and physical fitness program. Small classes. High elevation. No vacancies in fourth year. Catalogue on request.

AUSTIN L. WHITTEY, M. A., Headmaster

"Annuities"

Would you like a substantial monthly income a few years from now? Then step up your regular purchases of War Bonds. If your monthly investment averages $75 your post-war return will average $100 a month. You will also be lending a practical aid in conducting the war and helping keep prices down.

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED

Next Week

Should We Have a Peacetime Draft?

Harry Lorin Binsse

The Wake

Jill O'Nan

A Bell for Edgardo

Edward Skillin, Jr.

Educational

MUSIC SCHOOL

PIUS X SCHOOL OF LITURGICAL MUSIC

Manhattanville College of the Sacred Heart, 133rd Street and Convent Avenue, New York, N. Y. Courses offered: Gregorian Chant—Gregorian Accompaniment—Choir Conducting—Liturgical Singing — Polyphony — Choral Class—School Music—Theory —Harmony—Counterpoint—and other branches of music. Lessons in Organ —Piano—Violin—Voice. Telephone: EDgecombe 4-1500.

PREP SCHOOL—BOYS

ST. THOMAS MILITARY ACADEMY

A Catholic Preparatory School for boys. Well equipped for scholastic, military, athletic development. Accredited. R. O. T. C. Designated by War Dept. as an "essentially" military school. Full sports program. Limited enrollment. CATALOG ST. THOMAS MILITARY ACADEMY, BOX CL. ST. PAUL, MINN.

BUYERS DIRECTORY

★ A listing of approved sources of supply . . . products and services . . . for the individual . . . the Home . . . the Institution.

Rate for your message: 50c a line. Three lines minimum space. Discounts 5% for 13 times, 15% for 52 times.

BOOKS

★ Books: Used, Old, Rare.
For Librarians, Collectors, Readers.
Huge Stock. Reasonably Priced.
Catalogs Free. Browsers Invited.
Want Lists Solicited. Libraries Purchased.
DAUBER & PINE BOOKSHOPS, INC.
66 Fifth Avenue, New York 11, N. Y.

HOTEL

★ COPLEY PLAZA HOTEL
Boston, Mass.
2 minutes from Back Bay R. R. Station

IRISH BOOKS AND GIFTS

★ Books, Belleek China, Linens. Catalogs.
IRISH INDUSTRIES DEPOT, Inc.
876 Lexington Ave. (near 65th), New York.

LANGUAGES

★ LANGUAGE SERVICE, 18 East 41st St., N. Y. 17. Phonograph Courses. All Makes. Also Books from Brazil, Spanish America. Specify Language. *Booklet C.*

LICENSED TO UNZ.ORG
ELECTRONIC REPRODUCTION PROHIBITED